

The Mar-News



March Number

1928

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THE MAR-NEWS

Published by
THE STUDENTS
OF THE SCHOOLS OF MARPLE AND NEWTOWN
NEWTOWN SQUARE, PA.
THE STAFF

THOMAS THORBAHN, *Editor*

Business Managers

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PAUL PALMER

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Francis Coan

Assistant Editors

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Ruth Evert

Faculty Adviser
MR. WORRALL

EDITORIAL

Our scholastic activities are a success! I do not mean that we always take laurels for our scholarship or for our athletics, but nevertheless we win success. The highest form of success does not go to the man who wins easily. In the same manner the highest form of success does not go to the school which easily captures the medals.

We all know that our basketball teams do not make a brilliant showing (I do not mean their suits, for orange is quite brilliant), but our team have good spirit. Better sportsmanship can be found in no other team! Our teams lose their games quite often, but do they quit? On the contrary, like good sports, like good losers, they play on with a grim determination that in the end they will win. Our teams have been noted for several years for their spirit in that there is never any argument with the referee. The decision may at times seem unfair, but good sports take the decision of the presiding referee as final.

We will continue in our practice! We will continue to win success, for how much greater is this victory, won by good sportsmanship, than victory counted in numbers and often won by unfair playing? We will continue to try, for to him who carries on in spite of defeat comes finally the ultimate success.

JANE BOWER, '29.

MARPLE-NEWTOWN HIGH TO HOLD TYPING CONTEST

A typewriting contest will be held in the Commercial Department of the Marple-Newtown High School some time during the month of May. Any pupil attending the regular typewriting classes will be eligible to compete if a preliminary qualifying test can be satisfactorily passed. The contest will be conducted according to International Typewriting Rules. The material will be selected from unfamiliar matter, to be written for a period of 15 minutes. The winner of this event will be awarded a silver loving cup.

Many of the pupils are busily practicing and a number have won certificates and medals for accuracy and speed. The individual accomplishments of a few of the girls follow:

Miss Dorothy Dickinson

L. C. Smith Medal 48 net words per minute

Underwood Medal 42 net words per minute

Remington Medal 42 net words per minute

Miss Edna Kunkle

Underwood Medal 43 net words per minute

L. C. Smith Medal 41 net words per minute

Miss Mary Hibbard

Remington Medal 40 net words per minute

Anyone will be cordially welcome to attend our May contest, but if you cannot attend be sure to look for the winner of the silver cup in the final number of the Mar-News.

 THRIFT

This week, from January 17 to January 23, is known throughout the United States as "National Thrift Week." The reason it is held at this time is because January 17 was Benjamin Franklin's birthday. He has been called "America's Father of Thrift." Thrift is not just the saving of money, it is the management of your affairs in such a way that your possessions will constantly increase. To practice thrift you must also live within your earnings and not spend your money foolishly. Thrift week is held to encourage people to save. Different schools within the State have been starting "Schools Savings Banks," which help and encourage children to save. Almost every boy has some work to do after school and on Saturdays for which he is paid. Even if it is a small amount, part should be put in the school bank or some other saving fund and in this way start the practice of "thrift."

CHARLES RUSSELL, '31.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

TOP ROW—Keough, Powell, Harvey, Miss Rhoads, Coach; M. Hibbard, C. Hibbard.
 BOTTOM ROW—Taylor, Ortlip, Yerger.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team has certainly done well this year. Although they have not won every game nor lost them all, they have shown good sportsmanship throughout.

Regular practice was not begun until after the Senior play, but Miss Rhoads gave an early call for all girls interested in basketball, but who had not played before. By means of their first practice the new girls were able to learn the fundamental principles of basketball, thus enabling the team to have better competition in practice and also building for the future.

The season opened on December 9 with a victory over the Taylor Business School, the final score being 17-8.

The girls playing in this game were Dorothy Yerger, Dorothy Keough, Eleanor Ortlip, Ruth Harvey, Mary Hibbard, Mary Taylor and Elizabeth Powell, who, playing her first game, proved herself a very promising forward.

The Hatfield game, played away from home, was well fought; our team kept a two-point lead throughout. Ruth Harvey had a very fast but rough opponent. Ruth was "knocked out" in the latter part of the game, which ended in our favor, 18-16.

On January 4 the Haverford second team brought to us our

first defeat, with a final score of 22-12.

The following Friday we won a complete victory from the Sleighton Farm girls. Dorothy Yerger starred by shooting 12 field goals and one foul goal, thus totaling 25 points. Our centers, "Reds" Ortlip and Ruth Harvey, co-operated well and, with the aid of Guard Hibbard, gave the forwards of the visiting team no chance, so that the final score was 33-8. Josephine Wiggins made her debut as a guard in this game.

The Upper Darby game, played away from home, was the first in which we were badly defeated. The first half was close. Dorothy Keough played a very good game, scoring a total of eight points. In the second half, through their teamwork and fast passing, our opponents ran away with the score and closed the game, 40-15.

Thursday, January 12, an exciting game was played on the Sleighton Farm floor. Our team was annoyed by the cheering or rather the "high-pitched feminine shrieks." Dorothy Keough and Dorothy Yerger played together well, "Dorothy No. 1" scoring three goals and "Dorothy No. 2" scoring five field goals and six foul goals. The game ended with a close score, in favor of our opponents (25-23).

When the Radnor sextet visited the Marple-Newtown floor the former proved themselves a stronger team by scoring 36 points to our 14.

The Conshohocken game was hard fought by both sides. Both "Dots" again stood out, Yerger totaling 17 points and Keough eight. Elizabeth Powell, substituting for Keough, played a good game. The final score was 26-17, in favor of Marple-Newtown.

On January 31, in spite of the snow and the midyear examinations, we went to Haverford, where the game resulted in a score of 34-13. Our girls were out of form, though they had the lead in the early part of the game. This was the first game in which any one of our girls was put out on fouls.

On the afternoon of February 7 our team went to Gloucester. Dorothy Yerger played a good game, totaling a score of 15. This was the first team able to get the better of the Ortlip-Harvey combination. When the final whistle blew, the score stood 44-22, in favor of the New Jersey girls. Following the game, the Domestic Science Department served sandwiches and hot chocolate to the teams. The Marple-Newtown girls stayed to see what our boys could do with the Gloucesterites in the evening.

On February 19 the Media team came to Marple-Newtown. The visitors were able to win by a score of 22-8—the home team feeling the absence of their captain and center, "Reds" Ortlip. Elsie Atz and Cora Hibbard played very well in Ortlip's position.

Friday evening, February 17, the Springfield girls came over with

their boys' team and played our sextet. Dorothy Yerger again scored high and Elizabeth Powell and Dorothy Keough lent her their assistance admirably well. In the second half the visiting team went ahead and stayed there, the game ending with a score of 29-15.

AGONY

Talks had been assigned to be given from the Literary Digest in Problems of Democracy period, and, as usual, I was not prepared. I had tried the study period before to prepare my talk, but had only succeeded in confusing myself. When the period approached I could just about say my title correctly.

As the pupils came in, slowly trailed by the slow-moving Commercial Seniors, I tried to think of some excuse or anything in order not to get a "bawling out." I couldn't think of a good excuse (which wouldn't go very well with my teacher, anyway)—so I decided to take chances with the hope that she would forget me.

The teacher started the ordeal by giving the Senior girls a lecture for being so slow in changing classes. Then she called on (at first I thought it was I) Jane Bowers, who sat in front of me. Jane gave her talk and then Jack MacLaren was called upon. Jack gave his talk and probably helped my cause along with the little word "uh," which he uttered between every other word. Although Jack took up some time he also consumed some of the teacher's patience and some of the following speakers didn't help any.

Miss Rhoads went from one to the other and I was always sure I would be next, but with luck coming my way, the period slowly dragged on, and everybody had spoken but two.

I kept hoping, thinking that the period must end soon—"Queer," I thought, "how time changes." What a difference between this period and the study a few minutes before, which had just flown."

Billy Wiggins gave his talk and there was only one person left between me and Doom. Thinking to take up time, I asked my teacher if they hadn't changed the date of the meet of the World Congress. She hadn't heard about it, and then got me into a fix by asking me where I got that idea, which, of course, I forgot.

About this time, hearing Miss Lamb's heavy footsteps going across the floor, I thought the first bell would ring, but I was to be disappointed, for she only went to the board to try to show some dumb Freshman the correct method of doing an Algebra problem. (Through the partition I understood that the result was in the Freshman's staying after school to keep Miss Lamb company).

Miss Dickinson then gave her talk, which helped me along because

of its length, but still there was time for mine. Something must be done! Wasn't there some way to put it off a little longer?

I was puzzled what to do when I was called upon. As I arose from my seat the first bell rang. I couldn't talk over the bell so I waited and took my time in starting. I started my title, but when I arrived at the word "Atheists," a thought struck me. I told the teacher that I didn't understand the meaning of that word. However, instead of explaining, she told me it was my business to look up words that I didn't understand and followed it by a short lecture (much too short for my comfort), telling us we were all afraid of too much work, etc.

After being reminded by the teacher to continue, I started again by giving my title. I then paused, thinking what to say, and just as the class began to grow impatient, a knock was heard at the door.

My saviour this time was the father of my teacher. But he didn't stay long and again I started (with my title, of course,) and was just stuck again when I heard the "tingle, tingle" of the bell, a tingle which had never sounded so good in all my days in Marple-Newtown. I then sat down and was very much relieved when I heard—"Carl, we will hear your talk the first thing tomorrow."

CARL COAN, '28.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

TOP ROW—Rodenboh, McLaren, Coan, Lewis, Hatton, Niemeyer, Mr. Harvey, Coach.

BOTTOM ROW—Ortlip, Palmer, Bradley, Thorbahn.

OUR BASKETBALL SEASON

The first call for candidates for boys' basketball was about the middle of November. As the Senior play interfered with practice after school, Mr. Harvey asked the boys to report after supper on Wednesday evenings. The first three practices consisted mainly of passing and learning the fundamentals of basketball. After four weeks of practice the season opened with Chadds Ford.

In the Chadds Ford game the boys tried hard from beginning to end and had no trouble in subduing the Chadds Ford boys. The team was composed of Hatton and Coan, forwards; Ortlip and Niemeyer, guards, and Palmer, center. This combination has played nearly every game of the season, with the exception of Hatton, who hurt his knee in the third game of the season with Hatfield. Niemeyer was put at forward and MacLaren sent in at guard.

Probably our most exciting games were played with Hatfield. We were defeated on our own floor, but in the return game emerged victorious by the margin of a single point. The score were 22-20 and 21-20. Last year's games with this team were also close and we are always sure of a good game when playing Hatfield.

Mr. Harvey, our coach, became sick and the team was without his services. The boys played three games during this time, losing two and defeating Hatfield in the other.

The season has not been going the way people wanted it to go, but the team has tried hard to win. With the basketball season nearly over the boys are looking forward to the coming baseball season and we are hoping to have more success on the diamond than we encountered on the basketball floor.

A TRIP TO SUPPLEE-WILLS-JONES MILK DAIRY

The first thing in view when we entered the dairy building was a large room enclosed in glass. This room was filled with bottling and capping machines, and the process of capping and filling the bottles was very interesting to watch.

From here we visited the room where the milk is sent when it is not sold. The bottles are first placed upside down in a machine which takes off the caps and lets the milk run out of the bottles into a long tub-like basin. The milk runs out of this basin into milk cans, the contents of which are poured into a tank. This milk is made into buttermilk. I also saw a separator. This separator separates the milk from the cream. Before leaving this last room I noticed that the men wore clean, white suits, and I was told by the guide that the men must have clean, white suits every day.

Proceeding onward, we entered a room where the crated bottles are sent down long conveyors, which take out broken bottles and bottles that do not belong to Supplee-Wills-Jones. They are then sent down long conveyors to the room where the washing machine is.

From here we went into the room where the washing machine was. The guide opened the side of the washing machine and showed us the many brushes that were inside. He told us that the water had such a strong cleaning solution in it that we could not hold our hands in it. We passed on to the other end of the machine and saw the bottles being forced out. The guide picked one up to show us how clean and clear it was.

We then stepped into a room filled with large storage tanks. These tanks were lined with glass. We also saw a big churn and the pasteurizing tanks.

While watching the process of pasteurizing milk, which was very interesting, one of our party suggested that we visit the room where they crated the bottles that we saw when we first entered the building. The bottles came through from the bottling machines on a belt, and were placed on conveyors and sent into the refrigerator room.

The last room we visited was the refrigerator room. Here the men take the crates from the conveyors and stack them up ready for shipment. The temperature is kept between 36 degrees and 38 degrees. The guide told us that the milk is not touched by human hands from the time it leaves the cow until it is placed on our doorstep.

We then went to the lunchroom and had refreshments, consisting of milk and ice cream, which was very tempting after what we had seen. From here we proceeded homeward.

DOLLY TURNBAUGH,
Sixth Grade, Marple.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR

Two years ago I lived in northern Vermont. About the first of April the roads were so muddy from the melting of the snow that the school had to be closed for two weeks. I was not sorry, because it was the time to make maple sugar.

My cousin, with whom I lived, had a farm. On this farm there were big hills and woods. In the woods the maple trees grew. One morning my cousin and the hired men bored holes in the trees for the sap to run through. Then they put spigots in these holes, and hung pails under the spigots. They punched the holes about two and one-half feet above the ground. I followed them on foot so that I would be sure to see everything.

About two hours later they brought a wagon, which had a medium-sized tank. They got about three pails full from each tree. Then they took the sap over to the sugar house.

The sugar house was on a little hill surrounded by woods, and not far from the sugar house were the maple trees. Near the sugar house there was a big tank into which they emptied the sap. I saw that it was connected with the sugar house by a pipe. Through this pipe the sap flowed into a tub about four feet long and two feet wide. Under this tub there was a little place like a stove. This was used to heat the sap and keep the sugar house warm.

The sap was boiled about two hours till it became maple syrup. Then I saw that it was taken to the farm house, which was not far away. It was put into an iron kettle and set on the stove to boil down to maple sugar. When it had boiled enough, they put the maple sugar into some cake tins and set it outside to cool.

Some of the maple syrup was put into jars and kept and the rest was sold. Also, the maple sugar was put into little boxes and sold. But they kept enough to last them all winter.

I was very glad we had this vacation so that I could watch them make maple sugar. During that time my cousin from St. Albans came to visit me for one day and night. We snowshoed over to the woods and got some of the sap. It was very sweet and we liked it very much. By the time my cousin went it was time to start school again, so all the fun was over.

LORRAINE HEATH,

Sixth Grade, Newtown School.

MARTO'S LAST MISTAKE

The telephone bell rang sharply. "What's that guy want now" mumbled Marto as he picked up the receiver.

"Come here at once, old 'fello,' I got a great idea," a rough voice cried over the wire.

Marto donned his overcoat, and pulling his cap down over his eyes, left the ramshackle house on a run.

He entered a shack a few blocks down the street and greeted his friend.

A long period of whispering in the dark room! Now he is leaving!—What's that he says so low!—"Tonight, at 11.30, at the office of J. R. Ward." At exactly 11.30 a hand reached up through the broken glass and unlocked the window. Softly he climbed in. Up the hall he went—right toward the office. Then carefully, quietly, he pulled out his tools and finally opened that door, which bore the words—

Private Office

J. R. Ward

President

To the far side that shadowy figure made its way. He must hurry, for the guard might be up any time. Now he pulled from his pocket the combination, which, after long and hard work, had been learned. Soon the door of the huge safe swung open. Holding in his mouth his tiny flashlight, he began to gather the money from the various compartments and thrust it into his black bag. There must be \$150,000 at least.

"'Pal' was right," he muttered to himself, "and tomorrow's payday."

He closed his black bag, shut the safe and quietly made his way to the street.

He walked as fast as he could, but hearing hasty steps behind him he looked around. It was a "cop!"

"How'd he know?" mumbled Marto under his breath.

He increased his speed. His pursuer did likewise. Clutching his bag, he began to run. "Hey, there! Stop!"

He still increased his speed, and his pursuer also. Soon he was running his fastest. The policeman was gaining!

"Hey! Stop!"

"Not much hope now," thought the bandit as he turned into an alley.

Suddenly he tripped and fell. He lay half dazed a moment. There was the policeman standing over him!

Pointing to the money which lay scattered over the pavement, the officer said slowly, "So that's the game! I was trying to return your wallet, which you dropped back there but—well—"

JANE BOWERS, '29.

WRONG SIDE TO

"A moth lives an awful life." "Why?"

"He has to spend the summer in a fur coat and the winter in a bathing suit."

NOT PERMANENT

Host: "Yes, there's no doubt that the radio has come to stay. What is it, Irene?"

Maid: "There's a collector, sir. He says if you do not pay up the installments he'll have to take your radio back."



BOYS' FOOTBALL TEAM

STANDING—Mr. Harvey, Coach; Ortlip, Hatton, P. Palmer, Bradley. KNEELING—C. Coan, W. Palmer, Rodenboh, Wallace, McLaren, Whitehead, Nelson, F. Coan, Niemeyer, Thorbahn.

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

We have Deary in the backfield,
And Raymond Ortlip, too;
Deary and Ray get excited,
You know that isn't new.

Oliver and Tommy are halfbacks,
Carl and Ray are ends;
If Ray misses a forward,
Deary and Ray aren't friends.

Wade and Monk are tackles,
And pretty good at that;
Wade can't play football
Without his football hat.

Next come the guards so able,
Filled by Skinner and Pop;
When Skinner makes a tackle,
He always lands on top.

Jack, our wonderful center,
Who shows them when to go,
Got mad at the opposing guard
And hit him an awful blow.

We've got our team together,
And now we're ready to start;
"On your toes," says Palmer,
"Go and act your part."

"Formation A," says Ortlip;
"Myself back," says he;
"Signals off," says Palmer;
"Now that formation B."

"Dum, goof," says Ortlip;
"Play ball," says the other team;
"Shut up," says Wade Nelson;
With very high esteem.

Hold on! I forgot the subs,
I can't leave them out;
First comes "Squint" Lewis,
Because he is so stout.

We have Caesar coming second,
And Bill Palmer coming third;
Next comes Bud Ewing,
And Moken, he's a bird.

Tommy Thorbahn is number six,
Bill Yerger is number seven,
I come number eight,
But we have no number eleven.

— We have with us Rusty,
And Ruth Harvey, too;
They do the score keeping
And mark the score in blue.

"Say, when does this game end,"
Says Miss Lamb, "and what's the score?"
"The score's thirty-two to nothing,
Hold on, we have six more."

"And now for a placement,"
Says Deary, "take your man;
We can't do any better
Than the best we can."

We got that point
Just in the nick-of-time;
We've started all over
And got it across the line.

Forty-five to nothing,
You can't beat that;
Up in the air it goes ("Betcha can't guess"),
It's Mr. Worrall's hat.

FRANCIS COAN, '31.

OUR DAILY OCCUPATION

Candy, Candy, buy some candy!
Help along the old A. A.
Peanut bars are really dandy,
Marple-Newtown, Ray! Ray! Ray!

Peppermint patties and Caramels!
Sell 'em between the basketball yells.
There, little Freshman, don't you cry,
You may sell fudge by and by.

Any more "Nut Crisp?"—someone asks;
To drag it out is then our task.
In the hall or in the "Gym"
"Baby Ruth" will always win.
Fight, boys, fight, is then our cry;
Don't let that "goofy guy" get by.
Get that ball, and put it in!
Let us all add to the din, with
Candy, Candy, Candy!

Hairbreadth Harry (Temple) keeping score:
Say, how many minutes more?
What's the score? Are we ahead?
Marple-Newtown's what I said.
And Candy, Candy, Candy!

"SIS" TEESDALE, '28.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

That sounds like a very small subject but, really, it is just the opposite. We think that "school spirit" means only coming out to all the games and cheering. "School spirit" means not only coming out to the games and cheering, but it means coming out and cheering in a jolly sporty-like way. It means cheering for the other team as well as our own. If a player on the other team makes a basket, the best thing to do is either to cheer or to keep quiet. If you can applaud him with a good hearty cheer, then you have what I call a good "school spirit."

A spirit of this kind is not only essential in sports, but it is also necessary in studies. If a lesson is assigned and you do not like it, do not grumble, but cheer up and make the best of it. If you do this you can go through the darkest places and come out on top.

MAY STEINMETZ, '31.

THRIFT

When a person talks about thrift some people get the wrong impression. The impression is that you're "tight." I think you can save money and not be "tight." It may be hard at first, but you can do it.

There comes a time in most everyone's life when it is a pleasure to know he has been thrifty. You feel at peace when you know you can look the world square in the face, and still have some of the "good times" of life.

Banks are every where—that cannot be the excuse for not saving. We have started a banking system in our school. On banking day, which is every Tuesday, we deposit as much as we feel able. Banks offer to help us, we ought to take advantage of this to become thrifty.

There are many old sayings concerning thrift. One saying which is true is "Wilful Waste Makes Woful Want."

DORIS WILFONG, '31.

PERFECT ATTENDANCE

FIRST SEMESTER
MARPLE

FIRST GRADE

Virginia Humphries
Winifred McQuiston
Joseph Jasenski

SECOND GRADE

Edgar Humphries
Alexander Jasenski
William Long
Anna Gustavs

THIRD GRADE

Mary Long
Anna MacLaren
Florence Weaver
Lillian Wilds
Harry Langley
Richard Wilds

FOURTH GRADE

Arthur Brown
Michael Dick
Oliver Dickinson
Howard Strohm
George Taylor
Edward Wozniak
Jane Hoskins
Josephine Kodarska
Jeanette Wallace

FIFTH GRADE

Stephen Gruber
Lewis Wilds
Eva Bullard
Elizabeth Kodarska
Helen Kodarska
Emma Savidge

SIXTH GRADE

Dorothy McKinley
Margaret MacLaren
Frances Kunkle
Ruth Evert
Conjetta De Cecco
James Clark
Mary Bonsall

FIRST SEMESTER

NEWTOWN

FIRST GRADE

Marjorie Burgess
Margaret McLaughlin

SECOND GRADE

Howard Chant
Rose Carson
William Chant
Margaret Lawrence

THIRD GRADE

William Kelly
Wilbur McLaughlin

FOURTH GRADE

Hannah Kirk
Sara Allman
Margaret Carson
Margaret Kelly
Catherine Tobin
Ruth Stalcup
Lionel Danby
Thomas Hibbard
Thomas Kirk
Oscar McConaghy
Horace Rowland
Charles Wurster
Andrew Young

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Walter Dean
Roland Eachus
George Layman
Ernest Manger
Joseph Serrill

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Emma Keeperts

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